GIRL BY THE WINDOW
by Andrew “Change” Huang

hazy afternoon rays peer hastily
into the dimly-lit room, where she
leans back on her chair and gazes
at the windows in front of her.

she loves the way the rouse lights
warm her cheeks; her tint blushes
illuminate the room even more so,
    capturing the attention
    of snowfall outside.

    fleece feathery flakes
    bewilder
    into a fluster storm,
    stirred, in awe
    at the sight
    of her charm—

    like eager wanderers
    giddishly rushing
    to catch a faint glimpse
    of her spelling smile—

    if only for a second
    before they dissolve

    silently to the ground.

all the while she sits in stillness,
as flushes of light suspend a halo
perfectly around her silhouette—
no wonder the snowfall too wishes
for a chance to kiss her cheeks.